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EDITORIALS.

A page of wit is better than a volume of sarcasm. If this is so, why do our Joke Editors look so glum? It is because spring has had its usual effect on wit, turning wit to poetry. They have printed all the jokes they know, and no one ever says anything witty to them any more. You must make it your duty either to say something funny or to make some one else say something witty to you. Surely, out of about two hundred students we can find some one brimming over with wit and humor. Maybe you are the one. You might interview one of the Joke Editors, for they can recognize the merest semblance of wit.

The basket-ball season is now over and the tennis season is on. A large tennis club has been formed but not as large as might be. All who can, should take part in this sport, not only for pleasure but for exercise.

As the cold and rainy season passes and the good days come again, a number of students, during the noon hour, take their lunches to some sunny spot and greatly enjoy their mid-day meal in the midst of nature. We wonder why not all follow the example? Tear away from school work and school surroundings for a short time. Forget them. You will feel more vigorous for the half days' work before you.

The season of the spring fever is upon us—beware of it! It is contagious! It is a germ disease, the medical fraternity give the germ the technical name of "Tserme." The symptoms are an unsettled condition of mind and body, a distaste for study, difficulty of application, a disgust for one's winter wardrobe, a longing for out of doors. The remedy is put away all enticing thoughts, not to gaze out of the window when in school, to fix the mind on the thought that the long vacation is only a few weeks ahead, and to dig, dig, dig!

Now and then we are criticized from various sources for putting advertisements among the jokes. Some seem to think that a school paper is a sort of funny paper, and that the jokes should be given a place of prominence, but these "critics" are sadly mistaken if they hold such an opinion of the Zephyrus. We are a literary publication and insert jokes only to enliven the more serious departments of the paper, placing them as they should be, in a secondary position. On the other hand, our advertisers approve this custom of backing up each page of jokes with a page of ads because it serves as an inducement to the reader to glance at the ads in persuing the jokes. Why are the ads printed if not to be read? In a school the size of Astoria High the cost of publication cannot be covered by receipts from the sale of copies. The advertisers pay more than half the cost of the publication and as a rule, are very willing to help us along other ways also, so it behooves us to grant our advertisers a few concessions.



Miss B.—"If some one broke that statue out in the hall he would be sorry, but I doubt if he would pay for it."

Gus. P.—"I doubt if he would be sorry."

— — — — —

Penman—"You say you like my books?"

Wright:—"Well, I'm stuck on two of them"

"Which two?"

"The two I bought"

Ex.

— — — — —

M. A.—"The kid in back of you has the mumps in his face."

S. M.—"Well, I'm not afraid. They say if you keep your mouth shut you won't get them."

Wah Lung



Wah Lung was a thinker and was called by the inhabitants of the flowery kingdom, a fool. Under such conditions as these it is not surprising that Wah Lung wished to go to America, the land of the free, and the home of the "dollar."

After various hardships and much saving, Wah Lung obtained enough money for a passage to that noble city which treated his countrymen so well.

Landing in San Francisco he was greeted with open arms by his cousin, who had departed from home years before and who was now a rich Chinese merchant. Wah Lung asked his cousin so many questions that they changed his name to "Mun Wa," which means "?." "?" as we shall call him, wanted to know the why and wherefore of everything he saw: Why the red devil wagons run without horses? How were the yellow houses pushed along those iron lines by the pole on the tops? Why you needed no matches to light those funny lights? Why these lights would not be snuffed out? From where did the oil to burn come?

His cousin answered the questions as best he could, but of no avail, the slight knowledge of the cousin could not satisfy "?:" he must know why.

As the old proverb generally holds true so did it in this case also. "Where there is a will there is a way." "?" found his way by attending a small Chinese mission. There after a short time he learned a little of the language of the great people of the dollar, which by this time "?" learned could not be found in the streets or at least in the streets upon which he walked.

To continue with the story after he had learned something of the language he thought he would attend a school. After looking around for several days, he was rewarded for his efforts by seeing a sign "Scientific School," and below this painted a big red devil wagon. As his one main desire was to learn about these wagons, he entered.

To make a long story short "?" learned all that could be learned about these "autos" as he had learned to call them. But he was not satisfied; at their best they were a crude and expensive machine far too heavy and far too slow. What was ninety miles an hour when the

earth travels at the rate of thousands, when light travels at the rate of eight hundred and sixty thousand miles per second? My, they were very slow, only a little faster than the old sedan chair of China.

“?” began to figure out a way to make a car that was not “awfully” slow. Iron was far too heavy and cumbersome, steel was far too weak, and gasoline was no explosive at all from which to obtain power.

So “?” set to work to build a car without a defect, one that would run without noise or odor, and one that could move faster than the old slow automobile.

After various days spent in the laboratory which he had arranged with much forethought and care, in the cellar of his cousin's house, he found that an alloy of cadmium and aluminum made a metal ten times as light as iron and fifty times as strong as steel.

Cadmium he would obtain in sufficient quantities, but the question was how to make aluminum cheap enough and in sufficient quantity to serve his purpose. Knowing that clay was nothing but Al Si he set to work to find a way to abstract the aluminum and after a great many attempts succeeded.

From this time on “?” ceased to be a man and became a mole. He appeared once a day for a bowl of rice, and then disappeared again underground for the remainder of the twenty-four hours. He became thin and emaciated. His people talked and reasoned with him but of no avail; he had started, he must finish.

The day dawned clear and bright, this the day of the great automobile race, the race for the trophy of the world, the great Vanderbilt.

There were cars of all colors and makes, cars from Europe, from Asia, from America. In fact all the fast cars in the world were there with their drivers, each determined to win the trophy of the great Vanderbilt.

“Five minutes more and the race will start,” announced the starter, and the ninety thousand spectators stand up, peer, sigh with relief and re-seat themselves. The machinists clamber all over their cars, oiling this part, feeling that, all eager for the coming contest.

Ho! What is this? Then through the entrance to the track rolls a long grey car. It comes without noise and without any seeming effort. For wheels it has large balls of silver colored metal, in fact the whole car itself seems composed of this strange metal. A huge metal

funnel with its large end pointing from the front of the car is observed in place of the customary hood.

The car rolls, you cannot say "runs," because it is distinctively a peculiar sort of roll.

It stops at the starting line and then a small yellow man climbs out, walks up to the judges stand, obtains a number, places it on his car, climbs into his car, places a sort of mask over his face, and covers his body with a padded coat, which seems fastened to the seat of the car and he remains waiting the signal to start.

A snicker which soon developes into a roar of laughter runs through the crowd; it is rare sport to see such a noticably big car and such a funny little driver. It is a joke for such a man with such a car to enter this, the Vanderbilt, the great race of the world.

"Thirty seconds," shouts the starter, and the crowd rise upon their toes and hold their breaths as the starter counts ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, and with "one" a noise like the roar of a cannon breaks upon the ear of the people. The cars shoot with a leap from the starting line and the race is on.

This race between fiends of speed, between Mercuries who race, between devils who know no fear, this our national race is on. Its end nobody knows, death to some, victory to others and sorrow to the rest.

The vast crowd sigh and relax in their seats but only for a minute, they again rouse themselves, stand up, and hold their breaths: "Look at that queer car!" It has passed all of the other cars and is gaining speed at every turn of the wheel. 60 miles an hour—ninety, one hundred, two hundred, four hundred and so on until the vast crowd see nothing but a grey streak where the car is running five hundred, six hundred, seven hundred, eight hundred, nine hundred miles an hour. Then, all of a sudden the car takes fire and burns, and with its driver and its secret which would have revolutionized automobile manufacture and which would have changed all means of power now in the world.

Wah Lung had forgotten the friction of the air, so we are compelled to keep up, for centuries to come probably, our old, slow means of travel, must keep it up until some one else asks "Why" and tries to find out why.

W. B. W.

A Legend of the Trailing Arbutus

QNE day a stalwart youth of the Southland was making his way through a forest of the northern hills, when he reached a lake. He had traveled far and decided to take a plunge before going farther. On emerging he looked upon one of the fairest pictures he had ever seen.

Above the lilies beneath the shadow of a cliff stood a maiden, fair, white as snow, and exceedingly cold. Her poise might lead one to think she held herself in haughty aloofness from the world, but not so, on nearer acquaintance. Attracted by the youth, she lost her footing and with a glitter and a crash disappeared.

The youth with her image fresh in his mind, continued his journey northward in search of her. Over mountain, valley, and plain he traveled in vain searching for her, allured from day to day by her image always just in advance of him near and yet nearer but never within reach.

Her stately palace appears resplendent in the summer sun, but he dare not enter lest it, too, vanish as the maiden had done. In hopes of seeing his idol once more, he lingers, but is permitted only a glance now and then from a distance. The warmth of his smile does sometime reach her and she fain would enjoy his presence were it not for the tradition that a maiden of the Northland should not heed a wooing from the Southland.

Many days he lingered but when his time was spent, he retraced his steps, always looking backward perchance to woo her yet. Enchanted, she followed at a distance, so long as he traveled southward, but when he turned again northward, she reversed her steps and fled before him. As she fled there sprang up in her enchanted foot-prints a dainty flower which has never been induced to grow elsewhere. People of later years call it the Trailing Arbutus.

G. H.



A Weird Experience



THREE years ago, while spending the winter in New York city. I was thrown in with one of the oddest and at the same time most weird experience that it has ever been any lot to encounter.

It was the middle of January, cold and bleak. The wind howled dismally through the alley ways and blew the smoke from the high chimneys down into the chasms of streets between the sky scrapers. It was about half past four in the evening and quickly becoming dark. The rush of working people, who filled the streets and cars between the hours of five and six, had not yet started, and I decided to take advantage of this fact by getting my car and starting for home immediately.

I descended into the nearest subway, cold and tired with my afternoon's shopping. The station, usually bustling with excitement was almost deserted, but one or two persons like myself stood waiting their trains.

Presently the conductor called my station and I boarded the next car. When I had gotten inside and made my way to the middle of the empty car, the feeling of depression seemed to be accentuated even more than on the platform outside.

As the car went on I fell to musing, and it had stopped several times on its way before I was aroused from my stupor by the sight of three men entering from the rear platform. They all wore heavy overcoats the collars of which were turned up about their chins and ears, a precaution only necessary for the kind of weather outside. They passed by me and took their seats in the far end of the car.

One of them seemed exceedingly ill as it was necessary for his two companions to support him. They, however, seemed very anxious about him, and as one of the men sat so as to hide the sick man's face from me I only glanced at them now and then.

On turning around I saw another man in the opposite corner of the car. He must have been there some time, although I had paid no attention to him when he entered.

Presently the two men who had brought the sick man in got up and after doing everything for the comfort of their companion left the car. He seemed better now, and was leaning his head limply on his arm, looking out of the window. His back was towards me, but his whole figure

suggested an extreme feeling of weakness or fatigue.

As I was watching him curiously the only other occupant of the car startled me by coming and sitting in the seat beside me.

"Madam", he said, "you will pardon me, this seemingly rude and unconventional request, but will you please step out of this car with me at the next station?"

"Indeed Sir" - I began, but he checked me.

"I assure you," he went on, "It is only for your own good I shall see that you get the car following this, and I am sure it will cause only a slight inconvenience.

"Really you are a most extraordinary gentleman," I said indignantly, "and you make a most extraordinary request. I shall under no circumstances leave this car until you give me sufficient reason for my doing so."

He looked at me, then at the other man and after some hesitation said slowly.

"I think it will save you a great deal of trouble and unpleasantness if you ask me no questions - but since you must know, that man," he nodded to the person huddled in the corner, "is dead."

Horrified I looked at the figure. Just then the car gave a lurch and the corpse's head was thrown sharply back against the window-pane, revealing a livid countenance, horribly bruised. Sick with the sight, I took the gentleman's arm and walked dignly from the car.

The next morning I was not at all surprised to read in the paper an account of how one of the most prominent financiers of New York had been murdered and his body cruelly bruised and beaten found in a suburban railway carriage.

D. E. '13.



“April Showers Bring Forth May Flowers”.

FORTUNATE, indeed, are we to live in a land where the birds are always singing and the flowers bloom all the year. Their value to human life cannot be overestimated and it is possible they receive too little of our thought. Without them what a desolate place this old world would be, sadder than a face without a smile; colder than a feast without a welcome; darker than a heaven without stars. But with them all the earth is made brighter and fairer and the air we breathe is filled with song and fragrance.

Flowers are emblems of our great resurrection, emblems of a bright and better land. Every blossom is an autograph from the hand of our heavenly father, each petal, a pulpit, and each blossom, a Bible in which God has inscribed his thoughts, thoughts which we, these many thousands of years, have been seeking to understand. But in all our study nothing brings down heaven so near to earth and carries our thought so near to heaven as do the flowers.

Between the hearts of fragrant blossoms, and the hearts of civilized men, there exists a mutual blessing. They decorate the marriage altar, for they are in themselves a lovely type of a sacred relation. They are wreathed round the cradle for their fragrance ascends in perpetual worship before the giver of all life. They brighten the tomb for their constant renewed beauty is a symbol of life beyond the grave. Not a flower is there but seems to lift its face and radiate in a silent, secret, sense, the tenderness, the beauty, the goodness, and the love of its divine creator. “Flowers,” said Henry Ward Beecher, “are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.” Though soon they do not have, yet we must not believe that they can only bud and blossom, shed their fragrance, then fade and die.

It is common to think of flowers as beautiful in external appearance but without an inner life. Not so. Most wonderful is the nature of plants. Their feelings are as varied as their clearly developed character. As one blossom is modest; another, vain; one, boisterous; another, timid, even so each has its own gladness and sadness and love. They are even patriotic; they manifest such a fondness for the locality in which they are born that they can rarely thrive in other soils. We can attribute to them qualities still more remarkable. They communicate many a tale, many a poem, many a song, and many a sorrow in the

cool silence of a summers evening.

Too often were we sensative of their language might we hear a bunch of clover blossoms crying because some careless foot had crushed several of her little sisters. "Men do not take the slightest notice of us," they would say, "we would rather be cut down and destroyed like the poisonous hemlock than be treated with such indifference" "Oh dont say that", a forget-me-not would whisper, "surely men are not so unjust. On all their festive occasions do not they choose us for their decoration and send us the messenger of their truest love and devotion?" "The time when that was done is passing," in one voice would cry out a host of flowers, "some people are so inflated with pride that they do not hesitate to pose as our creators; yea, they even take upon themselves to improve the handiwork of God. For their decorations they make paper flowers, worthless imitations of ourselves; and as for sending us as messengers of their love, that also is often neglected."

"God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The fir tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers,

Then we ask why were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supreme grace,
Up-springing day and night

Blooming in valleys green and low
And on the mountain high
And in the lonely wilderness
Where no one passes by?

Our outward life requires them not
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to all,
To beautify the earth,

To comfort man, to whisper hope
When-er his faith may fall,
For he who loves the birds and flowers,
Will love and care for all.

Ships That Pass In The Night

JOHNSON was mad. Mad? Yes mad. Raving mad and he continued to advertise it through an unlimited vocabulary of profane language. Here it was five-forty-five and his boat-puller had not shown up yet; he was not at his boarding house and was nowhere to be found.

Johnson was about to make another trip to the boarding house when he was stopped by a fellow fisherman. "Waiting for your boat-puller?" he asked.

"Yes," Johnson ejaculated.

"Well, I saw him up town about an hour ago and he was so full that he could hardly keep his feet." Johnson swore again. "I don't think you'd better wait. He's in no condition to go out to-night."

"What am I to do?" Johnson asked despairingly.

"Go out alone," the other man suggested.

Johnson meditated for a few minutes and the other fisherman left. "What a fool I was to give him all that money Saturday—forty dollars: and I suppose he spent it all. If Tom were only here. He's another fool to leave me at the last minute, if he were only here."

Tom was his brother but at that moment he was somewhere on the briny deep a sailor on a steamschooner probably being bossed around by some 'stuck up' mate who wanted to show his authority" as Johnson put it.

"Yes, I will go out alone," and so he climbed down the ladder into his boat.

Like all modern fishermen, Johnson owned a motorboat. He started the motor and was soon clear of his moorings and on the way to the fishing grounds. He had not gone far before the motor began to miss fire and at last stop. Cursing, Johnson set to work trying to find out the trouble. He located it at last: one of the wires had become short-circuited at the electrode.

He started the engine again and continued on his way for some distance when the engine began to sputter and stopped. This time the feed pipe was blocked with dirt and the oil would not flow. Imagine Johnson's temper.

At last he reached the fishing grounds and laid out his net only to be "corked" by some fishermen near. By this time Johnson was rav-

ing; but being alone he could do nothing so he sat down in the stern of the boat muttering to himself.

Night fell. It was a dark night too; the sky was overcast. Later Johnson saw a light approaching from the mouth of the river and, as he was in the "ship channel," he became interested. Watching, he made out the red, port light. If the steamer came on straight ahead, it would pass clear of Johnson's boat and net. Still watching he saw the light at the masthead swing to port and both lights could be seen. The steamer was heading right towards him. Johnson started in a hurry to pick up his net, but it was slow work alone. He stopped when he saw the green light disappear as the ship swung to the starboard, but began again when the ship swung again to port and both lights were again visible. Then the red light went out altogether and only the green was seen. The steamer would pass directly over his net.

Cursing his boat-puller, the approaching steamer, and its captain, Johnson worked like a madman to save his net. But he was too late for the steamer was opposite his boat and would soon tear his net, perhaps into halves. How would he find the other half in such a dark night. This thought drove him to despair.

Suddenly he stopped. Jumping to the bow he drew from its case a large repeating rifle. Hardly aiming he emptied its contents in the direction of the cabin house. The echo brought back a jingling sound of broken glass as the bullets rushed through the cabin.

Trembling, Johnson watched for results. A gong sounded. The engine stopped. He could hear shuffling as dark figures ran hurriedly along the deck. A searchlight soon turned in the direction of the boats. It revealed nothing as Johnson had already put away his gun and was standing in the stern of his boat as were also the twenty other fishermen near him.

The searchlight was soon turned out and the steamer continued its way up the river, leaving Johnson to pick up his torn and ragged net.

Johnson was sorely disappointed when he learned from the morning papers that the captain was unharmed. Instead, it was an "innocent bystander," who received the shot, a sailor who was standing his watch at the wheel.

Johnson never had a trial, for he never confessed but his punishment was great: the "innocent bystander" was his brother, Tom.

R. W.

A. B. S. Calendar



Mar. 1—Have you seen it
yet

Or have you got a ring,
Great big yellow cards
Popping out to sting.

Mar. 2— Just a grand old
day

Mar. 5—Every puff on Mig-
non's head droops with
sadness and caresses the
fourth seat in Mr. John-
ston's room.

Mar. 6—George starts a
High School free de-
livery.

Mar. 7—Be happy. We'll
beat em.

Mar. 8—Rah! A. H. S. vs. Clatskanie.

Mar. 11—A spring Zephyrus springs.

Mar. 12—The Forum Society formed. Graft.

Mar. 13—To be or not to be Junior Cafeteria.

Mar. 14—Have you heard the Juniors?

Mar. 15—Fresh.—Soph. basket ball game. Score 2—2.

Mar. 18—Soap bubbles.

Mar. 19—Fresh.—Soph. tie played off. Freshies win.

Mar. 20—Struck an oil well in Miss Badollet's room.

Mar. 21—Vancouver B. C.—curiosity.

Mar. 22—Society day. Forum to the noise.

Mar. 25—Little Alexander has a cold.

Mar. 26—Is a secret a secret when the whole school knows it.

Mar. 27—The tennis season opens.

Mar. 28—Quietly blossomed the notebooks.

Mar. 29—Did you see those Chem. test papers? The Chemistry class begins to ballast roads with Epsom Salts.

Apr.—A new discovery. Stone boils at a very low degree. The foot ball team are overwhelmed with the “honor bestowed” upon them.

Apr. 2.—Debate—“Can we wear our overalls?”

Apr. 3—Victors notebook contains a long red hair.

Apr. 4—A heart to heart talk informs us that we have a whole two days to be happy in for the next two months.



The State of Seniorism.

Not yet

— But —

soon.



School Notes

Every student in the high school can now lay claim to the distinction of having seen a real prince and heard him speak. This

privilege was given the students on March 15th. at which time the Prince of Albania addressed them. The prince told of some of the customs of his country, and gave a short outline of the effect that Christianity is having on his people. He is now on his way to Chicago where he will study medicine, after which he will return to his home as a missionary. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the prince attended the basket ball game played by the teams representing the Junior

and the Freshman classes.

For several years the interest in track work has been very low in the Astoria High School; but through the enthusiastic endeavor of the lovers of that sport, the interest bids fair to rise to its highest tension this year. As the result of a very live meeting of boys some weeks ago, De Witt Gilbert was elected manager of the team. He immediately issued a call for the "huskies" to turn out. As a result of the call a large delegation of aspirants to glory and honor made their appearance and are now hard at work trying for places on the team. Each class has elected a manager of track. When the managers meet they will name some day in the future on which to hold an inter-class track meet, which is looked forward to with interest by all.

The heroes of the basket ball court have now taken a back seat in order to allow the mighty "knights of the bat" to assume their place on the roll of honor. Although some members of the past year's team are not in attendance this year, the new material promises to fill their

places in a manner, satisfactory to those who believed baseball to be on the decline this year. William Wootton, manager of the team, is now working hard to arrange for games with other schools. The outlook is favorable, and he promises an interesting schedule.

There were a great number of embarrassments and honors conferred on April first when the official presentation of sweaters were made to the members of the 1911 foot-ball team. After Mr. Crocket, who had been selected to make the presentation, recited the hopes that are now being entertained for a winning team next year, he called the various members of the team of the past season to receive their sweaters, each recipient of this token thanked the students for the honors bestowed and laid special emphasis on that part of their speeches which declared their intention of trying next season for a position on the team. Those who will leave school on account of graduation expressed their regret at not being able to play football for Astoria again, but declared their intention of doing all in their power to encourage winning teams in the future.

Mr. Rogers, who coached the boys last season and who will coach the team next season, was present at the distribution of the sweaters, and said that he has great plans for the coming year, but declared that nothing could be accomplished without the support of every student in the school. ;

Those who received sweaters are: Authur Fertig, William Wootton, George Baeklund, Robert Malarkey, Victor Moore, Timon Torkelson, Albert Anderson, George McConnon, Marshall Mattson, Louis Malagam-ba, Richard Wilson and Gaerhart Larson.



Societies

ALFREDIAN



The second monthly meeting of the Alfredian Society took place on Friday, March 22nd. An excellent program was rendered, the feature being a Letter Duet from the 'Chocolate Soldier', by Miss Virginia Peterson and Sherman Mitchell.

A special meeting was called on March 29th. for the purpose of electing a

society editor. Sherman Mitchell was unanimously elected to fill the position.

THE FORUM.

A new society has been formed by about twenty-five members of the other three societies. The object of the society is debate. Their first literary program was rendered on March the 22nd. The chief feature of each program will be a debate in which matters of interest and importance will be debated by two teams, after which the decision of the judges will be by the society at large. "Resolved that the Honor System Should be abolished in the High School" was the subject of the first debate. The decision of the judges was rendered in favor of the affirmative, which was upheld by George Riefle, Georgiana Garner, and Lorens Logan. Those on the negative was Caroline Waterhouse, Theoron Skyles, and Tekla Weik.

The members of the society have hopes that some excellent material for a debating team will be developed by the next debating season.

ADELPHIAN.

The regular meeting of the Adelpkian Society was held on Friday, March 22nd. A very interesting program was rendered. A feature of the afternoon was a playlet which was ably earried out by Misses Vivian Sute, Anna Thompson, Marguerite Neilson, and Edith Lorntsen. The committee is preparing another interesting program for the next meeting.

WAUREGANS.

The Wauregan Society met for the second time this term, March 22nd. Owing to the drafting of Miss Jeffers, our secretary, Miss Lindberg was elected to succeed Miss Jeffers.

This was our first meeting in our new room, Miss Badollets. We are now sure that we have the best room, as also the best society.

After the program was rendered a criticism of it was given by Miss Badollet our eritie.

The meeting adjourned at 3:00 P. M.

A Few Crushes.

“Venus” has a case on little Marie,
Kate, on Jackie has one.
With “De” Georgiana is awfully strong,
But “Charles” and Mignon were the fun.
D. Epping has one on her own sweet self.
“Wetz” loves none but Eileen,
Jennie is in it with “Mac”
While “Arts” with Emma is easily seen.
“Skee” runs after Jessie,
Bob’s love through the mail comes still,
“Gea” is partial to Dea,
While Nancy votes solid for “Bill.”

The baseball season is now on. The team needs a good catcher. No one, save those who can catch eyes at a game need apply.



Senior Notes.

The senior class recently held a meeting at which they elected their vice-president and their tract manager which had not been done at the previous meeting. Esther Jeffers was elected Vice-President and August Peschl, Tract Manager. Many plans for the near future were made and discussed. Watch! The Seniors will be "doing things" soon.

Ella Karinen, our Class Editor, has been confined for a time with appendicitis, but we hope to see her back, in a short time, to resume her studies.

Junior Notes.

Spring has found the Juniors busy with plans for their Reception to the Seniors, which takes place during the commencement week. They are planning an entertainment which will surely be of interest not only to the school, but to the people of the city as well. The Juniors have a large and unusually active class this year, and great things may be expected of them. You will hear from them soon.

Sophomore Notes.

On March 18th, the President called a meeting of the Sophomore boys to elect a class Track Manager. Edward Beard was elected to the office.

The last girl's basket-ball game was played March 15th, between the Sophomore and the Freshmen. The game was won by the latter, the final score being 6 to 4.

The Sophmores expect to go in for tennis this year and as we have a number of good players, the class looks to them to carry off some of the honors.



Freshmen Notes.

The Freshman class gave a very enjoyable party in the A. O. U. W. Hall on Saturday evening, March twenty-third. The committee in charge were. Nellie Larsen, chairman, Helen Hay and Raleigh Stine, and they deserve a great deal of credit for a successful entertainment.

The hall was decorated with daffodils and green and gold streamers extended from one end of the hall to the other.

The teachers present were: Miss Woodward, Miss Maginnis, Mr. Merrick and Mr. Crockett.

After games were played, delicious refreshments were served





Basket Ball

Sophomore Girls vs. Freshmen Girls.

On March 15, Friday afternoon, the Freshmen girls played the Sophomore girls a game of basket-ball in which they came out victors, the score being 4 to 2. The game was very exciting and well played on both sides, the score at the end of the first-half being 2 to 0 in favor of the Freshmen, but in the second half the Sophmores tied the score. The game ended with no further scoring. After a short rest the tie was played off and the Freshmen secured the necessary tallies.

Ruth Spande and Lois Abercrombie did some star work for the Freshmen, while Rose O'Farrel and Jennie Bangsund did the same for the Sophomores.

The line up.

Freshmen		Sophmores
Lois Abercrombie	R. G.	Frieda Jones
Imogene Lynch	L. G.	Dorothy Dunbar
Ruth Spande	C.	Rose O'Farrel
Asta Carlson	L. F.	Jennie Bangsund
Nellie Larson	R. F.	Carrie Glaser

Freshmen Girls vs. Junior Girls.

On March 19th the Freshmen girls played a game of basketball with the Junior girls to decide the question of class championship of the school.

No score was made by either side during the first half, but during the second half, the Juniors threw two baskets. The game ended 4 to 0 in favor of the Juniors. The contest was very snappy and interesting, also exceptionally free from fouls through-out. Anna Thompson and Ethel Rich played a star game for the Juniors, while Ruth Spande did the same for the Freshmen.

The line up:

Juniors		Freshmen
Caroline Waterhouse	R. G.	Asta Carlson
Anna Thompson	L. G.	Nellie Larson
Ethel Rich	C.	Ruth Spande
Vivian Suti	L. F.	Lois Abercrombie
Gail Hardesty	R. F.	Imogene Lynch

TRACK.

The annual spring interclass track-meet was held Friday afternoon, April 12th, at the A. F. C. grounds. The Juniors finished first well in the lead with 43 points; the freshmen were second comers with 23 points; sophmores were third with 19 points; and, the Seniors brought up the rear with 9 points to their credit. The honors of individual point-winner fell to Carl Drilling a junior, who made 18 points. Although no records were broken the races were all close and very exciting.

The results of the different events were as follows:

440 yard dash: Carl Drilling, Junior, first; William Wootton, Senior, second; Clarence Cordiner, sophmore, third.

The shot put was won by Carl Sanders, Junior, with Robert Malarkey, freshmen, a close second; and Carl Drilling, junior, a close third.

The 880 yard dash was won by Carl Drilling; W. Sigurdson, freshman, second; G. Larsen, senior, third.

Edward Beard, sophmore, won the high jumps; Arthur Fertig, junior, second; O. Manula, freshman, third.

The 100 yard dash was won by D. Gilbert, sophomore; G. McConnon, junior, second; Manula, freshman, third.

The high hurdles was won by C. Drilling; W. Matson, second; G. McConnon, third; all being juniors.

The mile run was won by G. McConnon, junior; W. Sigurdson, freshman, second; W. Eakin, senior, third.

The broad jumps: Malarkey, freshman, first; E. Beard, sophomore, second; W. Mattson, junior, third.

The 220 yard dash was won by D. Gilbert, sophomore; O. Manula, freshman, second; Geo. McConnon, junior, third.

The pole-vault: Malarkey, freshman, first; W. Matson, junior, second; Larsen, senior, third.

In the 880 relay the juniors finished first with the seniors second.

Another track-meet is being planned and will take place about the latter part of May, or the first part of June.

Riddle: How does the atmosphere seem to you when Sherman M. is around?

Ans.—Fresh.

A Freshman:—"Say, I only got 76 in Alg. I told you Miss B would find me out."

Observant One:—"There were two 'paralyzed' soldiers fighting down town to-day. That is where they were giving each other paralytic strokes."



Alumí Notes



Mrs. Finch (nee Martha Gilbert) '93 of Portland is visiting her parents at Seaside.

Miss Clara Baker '94 who was for so long a teacher of the public schools of this was married in March and now resides in Seattle.

Mrs. Hunter (nee Martha Tuttle) '95 is residing in Spokane

Miss Nellie Carnahan '96 is bookkeeper for the Illman-Poulsen Mining Company of Portland

Mrs. Hickok '97 is living in Portland.

Miss Laura L. Fox '98 is prominent

in musical circles in Portland.

Hattie M. Utzinger '01 is teaching school in this city.

Carl T. Ross '02 is engaged in business in Portland.

Lester L. Lounsbery '05 is in charge of his father's farm at Clatsop.

Mamilton Garner '07 is prospecting on the Oronoco River in Venezuela.

Agnes Karinen '08 is teaching school in the Nehalem Valley.

Hazel Loudon '09 is teaching school at the Clatsop Plains.

Arthur Danielson '10 is surveying in this city.

Myrtle Harrison '11, who attends the Washington State University, was in the city during her Easter vacation.

Hazel Davies '11, who is attending the Pacific University spent her Easter vacation in this city.

A number of the members of the Alumni Association are expected home during their Easter vacation.

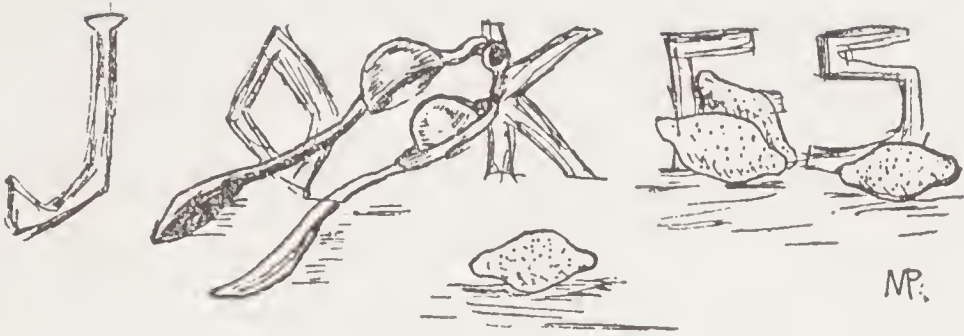


We acknowledge the receipt of The Cardinal, The Hesperian, The Totem, The Pacific Star. The Tahoma, The Troubadour, The Wireless, The Ocean Breeze, The Olympus, The Toka, The Clarion, The What Not, The Columbiad, The Weekly Index, The Willamette Collegian, The O. A. C. Barometer, and the Oregon Emerald.

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Jokes

Topics for Senior Orations.

- Kate Barry—"A Baseball Hero."
 Leola Ball—"The Enjoyment of Humor."
 Wallace Eakin—"What Time Is It?"
 John Crockett—"The Big Men of the World."
 Dorothy Epping—"The Good-Will of the Teacher."
 John Granberg—"How to Teach an Anglemorm to Swim."
 Asta Hauge—"Peroxide."
 Esther Jeffers—"Flesh Reducer"
 Tunie Juntti—"More" (Moore)
 Henry Jeldness—"Hay"
 Jennie Johnson—"Athletics"
 Ella Karinen—"Dignity of a Senior"
 Gearhart Larson—"The Attractions of Clatskanie".
 Hilma Lindberg—"The Value of History."
 Edith Lorntsen—"How to Grow".
 Lenore McGregor—"The Art of Bluffing."
 Virginia Peterson—"Attraction of Chemist (ry)"
 August Peschel—"The Big Mit."
 Tong Sing—"Musical Culture."
 William Wootton—"A Cracked Head."
-

Mr. J. (Senior History)" Some of your papers are pretty bad, I sat up with you a long time last night."

Leola: "I wonder if he sat up with me" (blushes?)

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There is a farmer who is Y Y
Enough to take his E E
And to study nature with his I I,
And to think of what he C C.
He hears the chatter of the J J
As they each other T T
And sees that when a tree D K K
It makes a home for B B.
A yoke of oxen he will U U
With many haws and G G.
And their mistakes he will X Q Q
When plowing for his P P.
He little buys, but much he sells.
And therefore little O O;
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his shoes..

....

Magazine.

Mr. S:—"Henry, what is the answer to the next problem?"

H. J.—"Don't Know."

Mr. S.—"What's the matter? Your brain doesn't seem to be working well to-day."

H. J.—"Well, you see I just washed my head and I can't do a thing with it."

Stranger (to Bill Wootton) "Can you show me the way to the hospital?"

W. W. Well it's a good way from her, but I'll tell you what you do, you see that tall gentleman over there? His name is Bob Malarkey, go up to him and say, "Down with the Irish!—and when you wake up you will be in the hospital."

If John D. marries Madame Sherry, will Wootton Mary Ward.

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W. W. (in Botany II) :—"Mr. C., why is it that moss always grows on old trees?"

S. M. :—"For the same reason that whiskers don't grow on a boy."

— — — —

Mr. J. (Hist. VII) :—"In one place in this history it says that William J. Bryan was from Kansas, in another that he was from Nebraska."

Leola :—"Does that mean that he was the Kansas-Nebraska Bill?"

— — — —

Mr. J. (in Hist. VII) :—"What was the cause of Garfield's death?"

L. McG. :—"There was a little man, and he had a little gun, and the bullets were made of lead, and the lead, etc.

Miss H. :—"Henry, I'm afraid you will have to use strong language in your oration."

— — — —

D. E.—"Your arms are a lot larger than mine, so are your feet.

E. W.—"Yes, and my head is some larger, too."

— — — —

H. J.—"Do you associate with people smarter than yourself?"

G. Mc.—"Yes, that's why I am always broke."

— — — —

I'll get a ring around Physics
I'll get a ring around Chem
I'll get a trip to the office
I'm sure to flunk once again.
Test wasn't up to the standard
Note-book was not in on time
Recitations all copied (?) at zero
Two little ringlets for mine.



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